

MISSIONARY MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES

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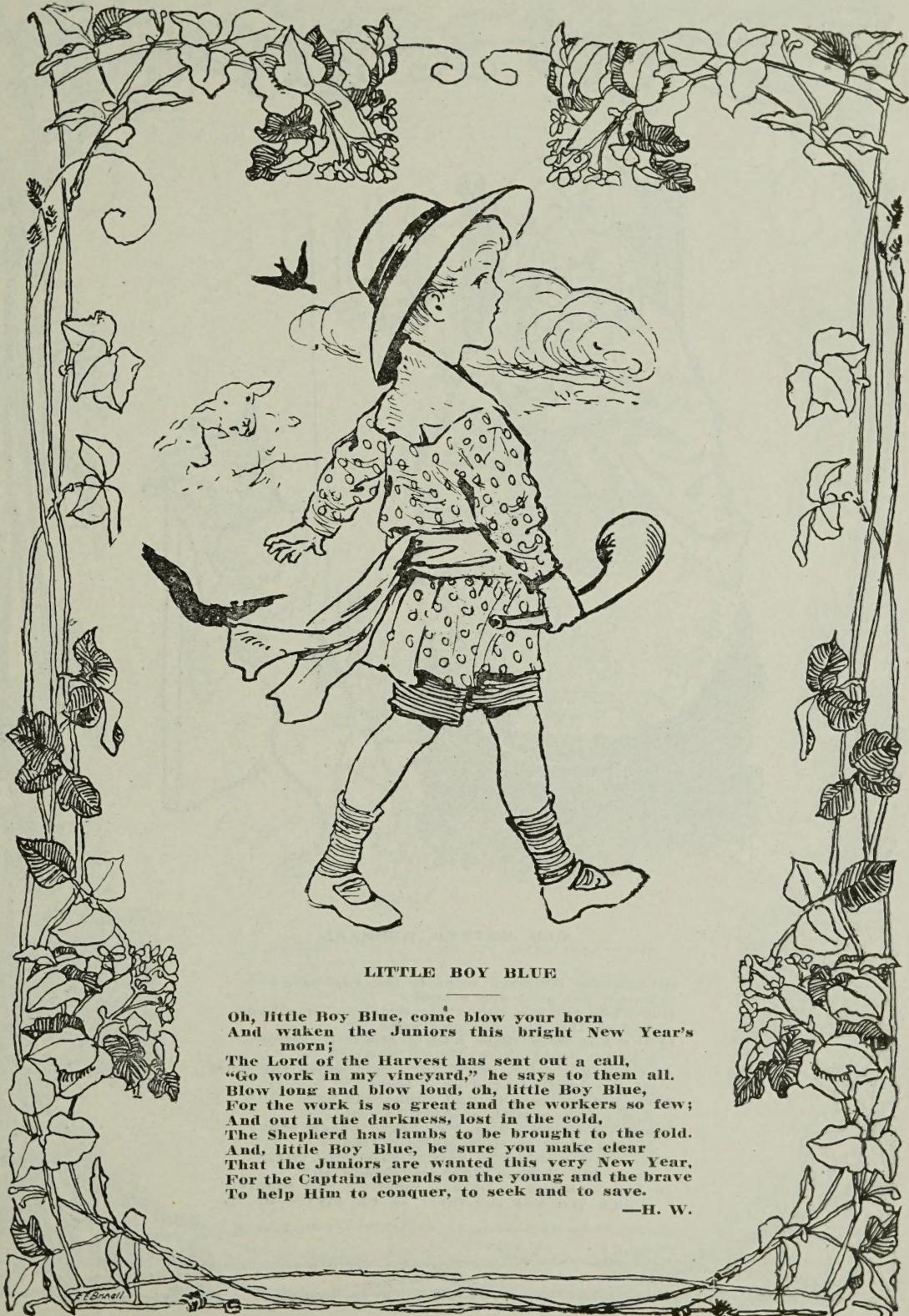
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MISSIONARY MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES

When Mother Goose was living
Two hundred years ago,
There were no missionaries
As you and I must know.
I can't imagine what they did
Without some Mission Bands,—
Perhaps they did not realize
That there were heathen lands,—
For if that dear old woman
Had known, I'm sure she would
Have trained Jack, Jill and all the rest
To give as best they could.
But since they missed that training,
And since we know them well,
Just what they'll give, and what they'll do,
We hope they all will tell.



LITTLE BOY BLUE

Oh, little Boy Blue, come blow your horn
And waken the Juniors this bright New Year's morn;

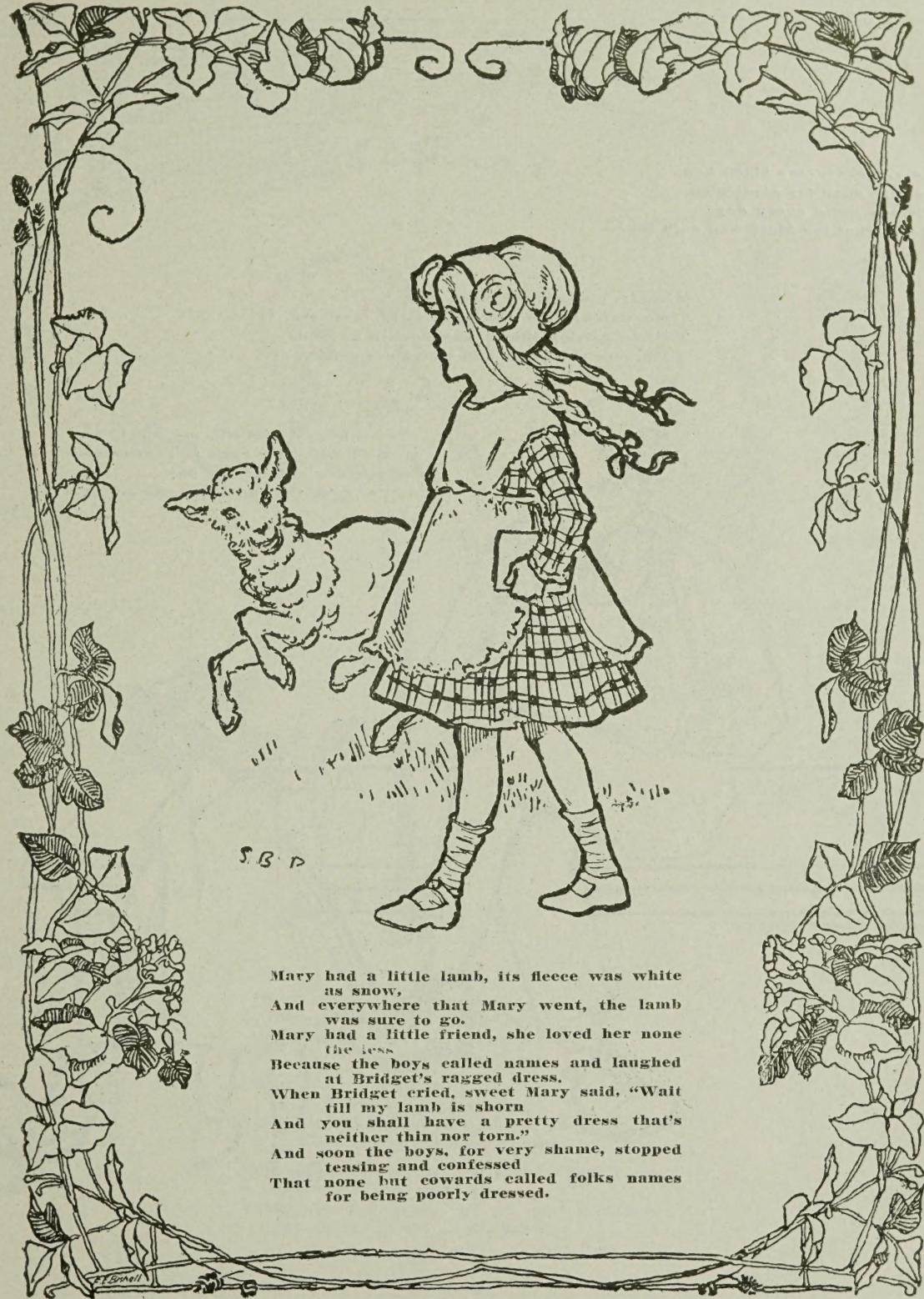
The Lord of the Harvest has sent out a call,
"Go work in my vineyard," he says to them all.
Blow long and blow loud, oh, little Boy Blue,
For the work is so great and the workers so few;
And out in the darkness, lost in the cold,
The Shepherd has lambs to be brought to the fold.
And, little Boy Blue, be sure you make clear
That the Juniors are wanted this very New Year,
For the Captain depends on the young and the brave
To help Him to conquer, to seek and to save.

—H. W.



OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she got there, the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog got none.
If you had been there with a nickel to spare
I know you'd quickly have flown,
And all in a trice, you'd have paid down the price
Of the juiciest kind of a bone.
Alas, it's not rare to find cupboards bare
And children with nothing to eat,
What we throw away, I've heard people say,
Would seem to them quite a treat.
Now what would you say, if this very day,
Some old Mother Hubbard should spy
In her cupboard so bare, a meal we call square,
Which you had put there on the sly? — H. W.



Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white
as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went, the lamb
was sure to go.
Mary had a little friend, she loved her none
the less
Because the boys called names and laughed
at Bridget's ragged dress.
When Bridget cried, sweet Mary said, "Wait
till my lamb is shorn
And you shall have a pretty dress that's
neither thin nor torn."
And soon the boys, for very shame, stopped
teasing and confessed
That none but cowards called folks names
for being poorly dressed.

Hickety, pickety, my black hen
She lays eggs for gentlemen.
Gentlemen come every day
To see what my black hen doth lay.

Hickety, pickety, my black hen
She hatched out chickens, eight nine, ten.
They're mission chicks, she clucked so loud,
I'm sure she knew and was quite proud.

Now hickety, pickety, my black hen
We'll sell your eggs to gentlemen.
Gentlemen will gladly pay
For eggs that mission hens do lay.

—H. W.

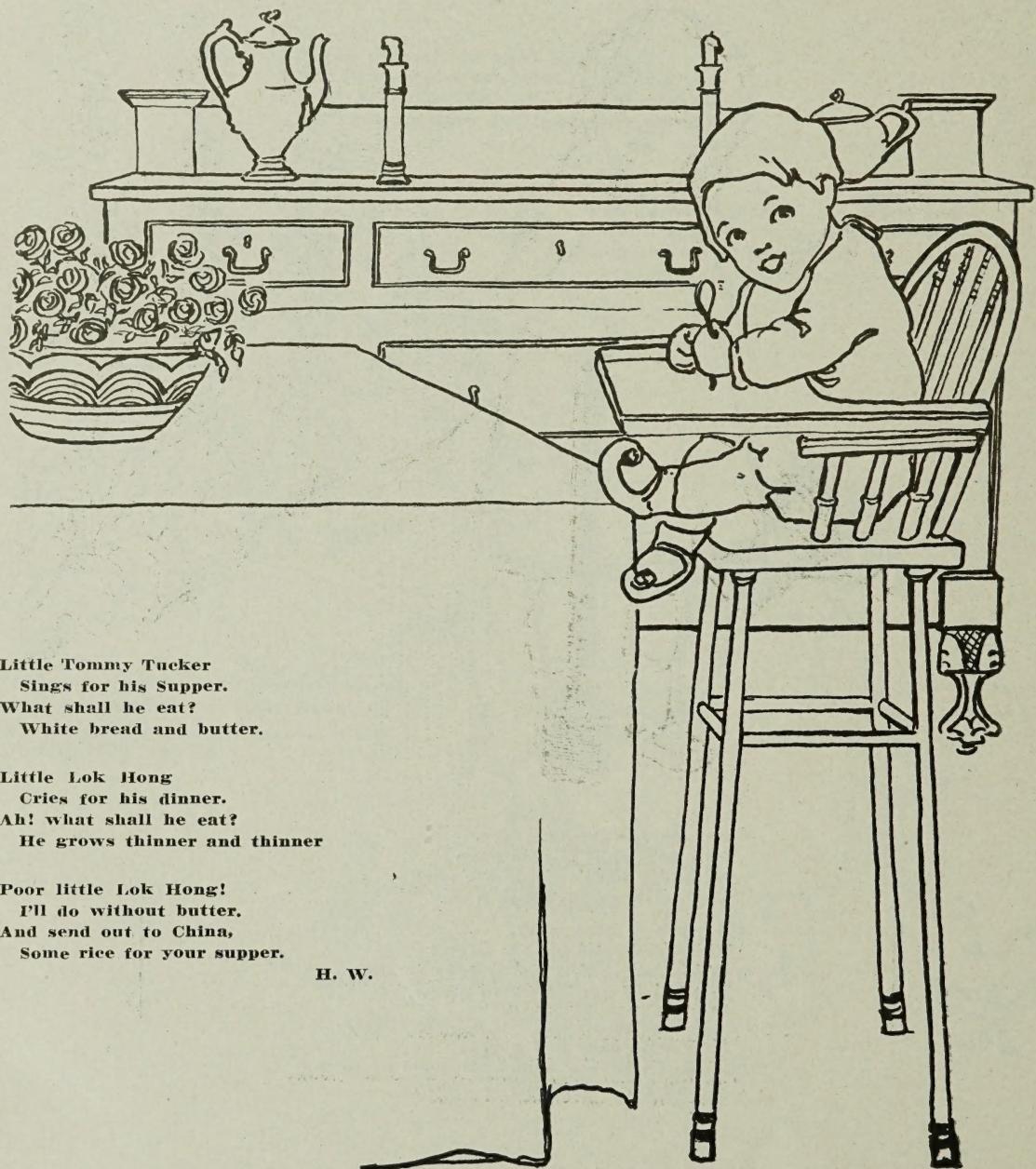
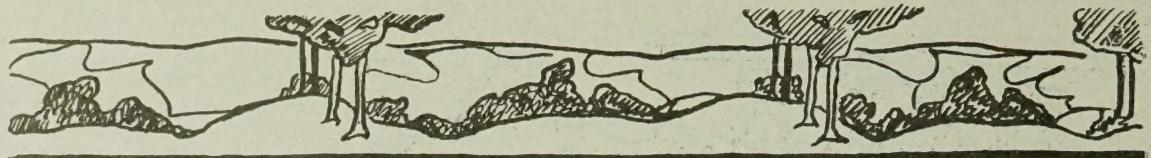




Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockle shells
And pretty maids all in a row.

Mary, Mary, Missionary,
How does your garden grow?
With onions to sell and lettuce as well,
And pretty flowers all in a row.

I'm sometimes weary, but always cheery,
Busy with rake and hoe,
Tomatoes and beans and all sorts of greens
Are all for missions, you know.



Little Tommy Tucker
Sings for his Supper.
What shall he eat?
White bread and butter.

Little Lok Hong
Cries for his dinner.
Ah! what shall he eat?
He grows thinner and thinner

Poor Little Lok Hong!
I'll do without butter.
And send out to China,
Some rice for your supper.

H. W.

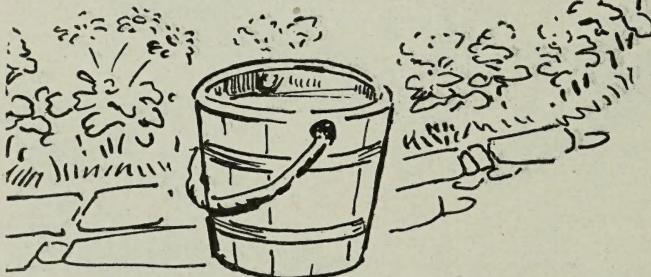


JACK AND JILL

Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of water
For work and play, so people say, make girls and boys grow faster.
But, o'er the sea, oh! deary me, the girls fetch the water
The boys and men eat first and then the girls and women after.
So backs will ache and small hearts break among the girls of India
Till Jesus' light makes dark homes bright and changes sighs to
laughter.—H. W.



I had a little pony, its name was Dapple Grey,
I lent him to a lady, to ride a mile away;
She whipped him, she galloped him, she rode him
through the mire,
I would not lend my pony now for all a lady's
hire.



I saw a trembling pussy cat, stoned by a
naughty lad,
I knew a girl who starved her bird, no food for
days it had;
I would not be that girl or boy, for all the gold
you'd give,
But some kind act to creatures dumb. I'll do
each day I live.—H. W.





THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what
to do;
So she gave them some soup without any bread,
And whipped them all soundly and sent them
to bed.
There was a kind woman, can you guess who?
Who had so many children she didn't know what
to do;
For they were all orphans and had to be fed,
So she spent all her money to buy for them
bread.
They were naughty and noisy and ate up her
food,
But she spanked them and loved them until they
were good;
Some day if you happen to visit Sudan,
You will see it turned out a very good plan.

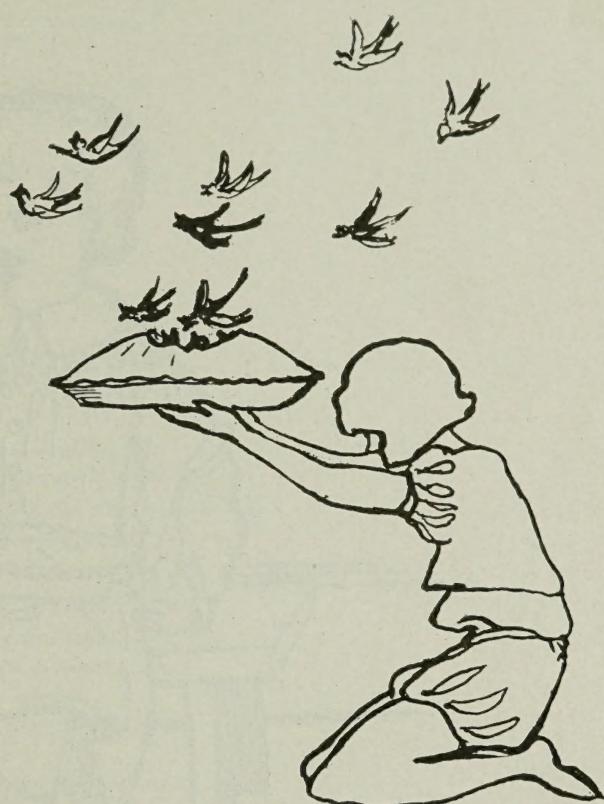
—H. W.



Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
She can't tell where to find it;
Leave it alone and it will come home
And bring its tail behind it.

Little Bo-peep has found her sheep,
Her father's going to shear it;
The wool on its back will fill a big sack
And sell for two dollars or near it.

Says little Bo-peep, "How much shall I keep
Of the money my sheep has brought us,
And how much shall go that more children
may know
About the good Shepherd Who sought us?"



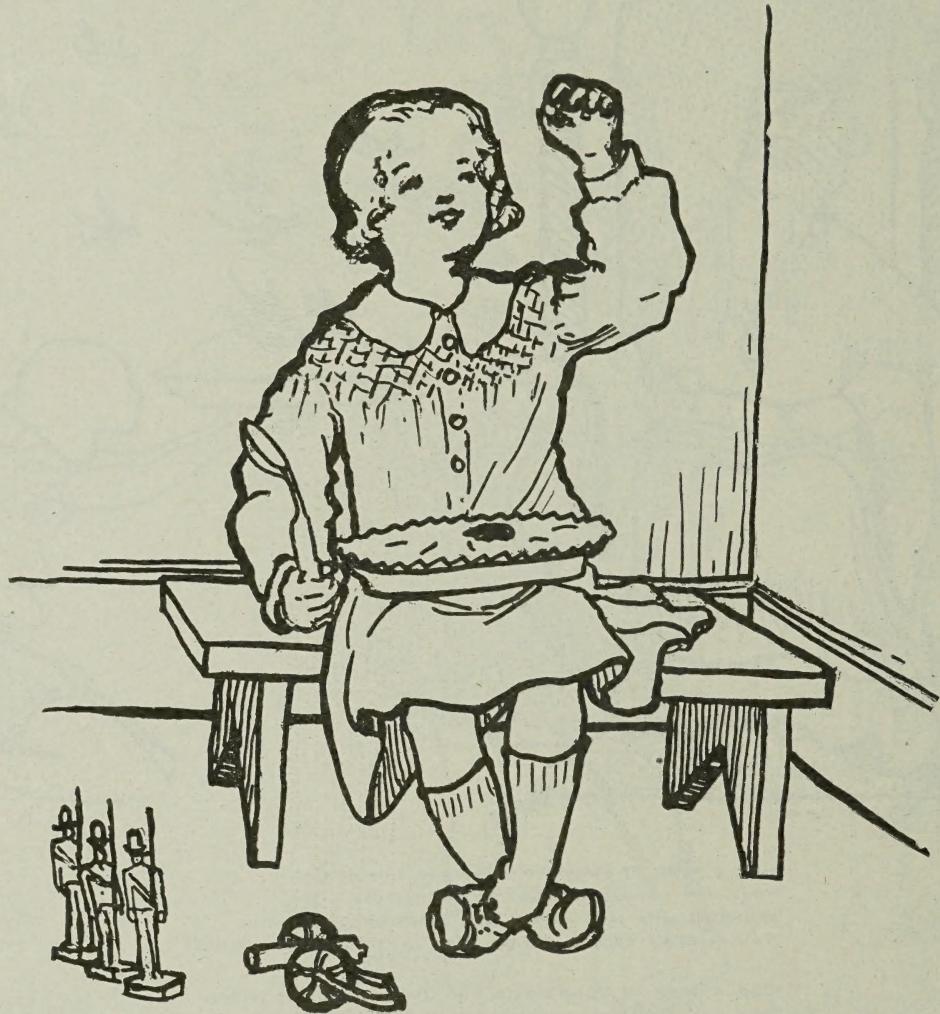
Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds baked into a pie;
When the pie was opened the birds began to sing.
Now, wasn't that a dainty dish to set before a king?

Sing a song of Thank-you, for lives so full of cheer,
Two and fifty joy weeks crammed into a year;
As the weeks are passing, surely we should bring
Offerings so gladly to place before our King.

Sing a song of Thank-you, jingling boxes pink,
Four and twenty Juniors, a pretty sight I think;
When each box was opened, the coins seemed to sing.
Oh, was not this an offering fit to place before our King?

Sing a song of Thank-you, as we send today,
Four and twenty dollars, speeding on their way;
Take them safe to Egypt, to India and Sudan,
Use them in our home land to carry out God's plan.

Sing a song of Thank-you, for there's One who will,
Multiply our offerings many times until
Like the loaves and fishes the little lad did bring,
They'll feed a hungry multitude, by the blessing of our King.



**Little Jack Horner sits in the corner
Eating his Christmas pie.
He puts in his thumb and pulls out a plum
And says, "What a good boy am I."**

**Little Jack Horner, come out of your corner,
You can find if you only try
A poor little chum with never a plum
To share your Christmas pie.**

**Oh, Little Jack Horner, there's many a corner
At home and across the sea,
Where the girls and the boys have no Christmas joys
Let's help them, you and me.**

**Rock-a-bye-Baby on the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall
And down comes Rock-a-bye-Baby and all.**

**That isn't the way Our Mothers do,
We aren't hung up in the trees
As if we didn't amount to much;
We'll tell you, if you please,
Before we fall out of our cradles,
Without a bit of fuss,
Our Mothers make Little Light Bearers
Of every one of us.**

